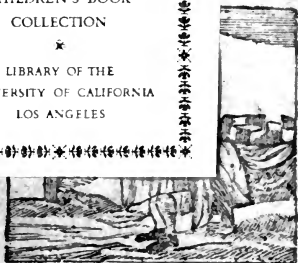


CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION  
★  
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES



OLD GAFFER GINGERBREAD.

Old Gingerbread, with Wisdom found,  
Sells useful Knowledge by the Pound,  
And feeds the little folks who're good,  
At once with Learning and with Food,  
What say you, Friends---shall we go buy?  
Aye, Aye!----Who's first then, you or I?  
And away they ran for a Book.

THE ENTERTAINING  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
Tommy Gingerbread :  
A LITTLE BOY,  
Who lived upon LEARNING.

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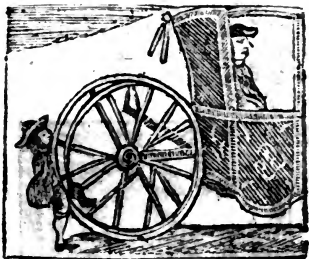
( Price One Penny. )



## C H A P. I.

*An Adventure of little Tommy Gingerbread.*

ONE day as Old Gingerbread was coming from work, he saw little Tommy, who was very ragged, getting up behind Sir Toby Wilson's coach;



upon which he called to him: here Tommy, come hither to me! I see, says, the father you want to get up the coach, but are climbing at the wrong place. Tommy, you should

should endeavour to get in at the door. Ay, Father, says the Boy, but that Place is not for poor folks. Not for poor folks, replied the Father, yes it is. A poor Man, may get a coach, if he endeavours to deserve it. Merit and Industry entitles a man to any thing; why Sir Toby was poor once, don't be disheartened boy, only when you climb, climb in a proper manner, and at the right place. I will tell you how Sir Toby managed it. But see, the Pig is got out of the sty, put him in first, and then I will tell you.



Tommy

Tommy ran as fast as he could to put in the Pig; for he had learnt to do as he was bid, or he would never have made either a good boy or a great man. There is no doing any good for boys and girls that are obstinate, and will not take advice, and do as they are bid. No, no! such children never make great men and women; but are always neglected and despised.

## C H A P. II.

*An Episode; shewing how Sir Toby Wilson became a great Man, and obtained so much Money, and such a fine Coach.*

**T**OM came back puffing and blowing, now father tell me, now father tell me, says he, how I may get such a fine coach as Sir Toby's. Ay, says the father, that I will Tom, I will tell you how Sir Toby got his, and if you behave in the manner that

hat Sir Toby did, you may get one also, and take up your poor father to ride with you, when he is grown old and weary.

Sir Toby Wilson was the son of Goody Wilson, and lived at this little Hut upon the green.



His Mother was a poor widow, & had three children. Toby was the eldest, and as she was obliged to go out every day to washing, scouring, and such sort of work, she left little Toby at home to take care of



of his brother and sister, and lead them about as you may see.



It happened one day that Goody Wilson had no victuals to leave the children, and they were all crying at the time, when Mr. Goodwill, a rich London tradesman, who had a house in this country, was going by. Bless me, says Mrs. Goodwill, who was with her husband, what is the matter with these poor children? and stepped up to the little one, what do you cry for, says she? I am hungry, answered the child.

child, and I want some bread' cried the other; and what do you cry for, says Mr. Goodwill, to Toby? because I have no bread to give my brother & sister, says the boy. This is a hard case, says Mrs. Goodwill, I pity the poor children, let us take them home with us and feed them. Ay, with all my heart, says Mr. Goodwill.--- It is a sad thing to want bread. I pity both the children and the mother, and like the biggest boy much, for he who forgets his own wants, and cries for those of his brother and sister, must have a good heart. So for all they were fine folks, Mr. Goodwill took up one child, and Mrs. Goodwill the other, and carried them on, leaving little Toby to trot by as you may see.



Having been fed, they went to play till evening, when their Mother came crying to Mr. & Mrs. Goodwill.



Mr. Goodwill gave her money, and allowed her so much a week, towards the maintenance of her and the children, and took little Toby and sent him to school, where he behaved very well, and soon learned to read and write. After some time Mr. Goodwill took him home to his house in London, to run of errands, and do any other business for the Servants and Clerks in his Shop and counting-house.

Now it happened, that tho' Mr. Goodwill, was a very honest, charitable, and good man, yet he was not altogether so wise or prudent, as one would expect a man to be who lived in London, & knew the world; for he was very fond of horses; continually went to Barnet, Epsom, and other races, and kept two Race Horses himself, which ran away with half the profits of his trade.



These are pretty creatures indeed, but they are not fit for a Tradesman. They were kept at great expence, turned his thoughts from business, and led him into schemes of betting and gaming, which were scandalous. At the time he was so taken up with his horses, he had the misfortune to have a servant in his house who was not honest; which Toby discovered, and wrote to his master about it, but in a disguised hand, and without putting any name to the letter. Enquiry was made, and

and money & goods were missing; - Upon which all the Servants were examined except Toby; and as he was a boy, and thought incapable of defending himself, the thief laid the robbery on him. Mr. Goodwill without that consideration which is necessary on these occasions, ordered him immediately to pack up his things, and go about his business. Yes, Sir, says Toby, crying, but first hear me. I know that you have been defrauded, Sir, and I thought it my duty, as you was my master, to inform you of it. I wrote you a letter, Sir, in a feigned hand and without a name, when you was at Newmarket; but at the corner of the letter you will find a private mark, by which you may know it to be mine; and I should not have done this had I been guilty of the robbery. No, Sir, you have been a father to me, and I have been just and honest to you; but, this man has not, (pointing to the thief) for I saw him take goods privately out of the warehouse and carry them to the Pawn Broker's. The Master

Master was astonished ! He looked at the letter, found the mark, and saw the boy was innocent, and then searched the Pawn-Broker's, where the goods were found.

Toby knew that it was his duty not only to be honest himself, but if possible, to make others so; and you will presently see how God Almighty blessed him for it, and how he was rewarded for his Fidelity.

After this Mr. Goodwill placed great confidence in Toby, and his affairs so prospered, that he became very rich. He then took in Toby as a partner with him, and at his death left him the whole trade, and a large sum of money, which is still increasing; and from being a little ragged boy and living in that hut, he now rides in this fine coach. Think of this, my dear Tommy, and learn your book, and go to Church, and be honest and good and industrious, that you may get a coach also.

## C H A P. III.

*How little Tommy first acquired his Learning.*

**A**S soon as Gaffer Gingerbread had finished this story of Sir Toby and his Coach, little Tommy ran up to his Father, and begged that he would give him a book and teach him to read, that he might become as great a man as Sir Toby Wilson.

Gaffer Gingerbread, who was a pretty good Scholar, pulled a book out of his pocket, and sitting down under a Tree



with



with Tommy in his lap, now, says he if you will be a good boy and mind what I say, you may soon learn to read. You must know, Tommy, that all the words in the World are spelt, or made up, of these twenty-four Marks or Letters, pulling out of his pocket an alphabet cut in pieces, which he had made of gingerbread, for he was by trade a gingerbread baker, these he placed in this manner,

a b c d e f g h i k l m

n o p q r s t u v w x y z

All the words in the world, says Tommy, laughing; yes, firrah, says the Father, what do you laugh at? I say all the words in the world; all the words that you, and all the people in the world can think on, may be spelt with these letters differently placed. Then let me see you spell Top said Tommy. So you shall, says the Father. See here is a T, and an o, and a p,---and these placed together thus make Top. Ay, that is a little word, says Tommy, but you cannot spell Plumb-Pudding. Why yes I can, said

said the Father, see here is a P, and an l, and a u, and an m, and a b, which placed thus make Plumb; and here is another P, and a n, and a d, and another d, and an i, and an n, and a g, which placed thus make Pudding, and these two words put together make Plumb-Pudding.

Let me spell, Father, says Tommy, and taking the gingerbread Letters in his hand, what shall I spell? said he. Why the name of any thing you see, quoth the father. Then I'll spell Goose, says the boy; so saying, he took up a G, and a u, and a f, and an e, and placed them thus, Guse. You blockhead, is that your manner of spelling? says the father, who would certainly have been angry, but at this instant Farmer Wright's hog made at the geese and goslings that were before him.

Run, Tommy, run, said the father, and away he flew to save the goslings, which he did by the assistance of a gander

gander that laid hold of the hog's ear to keep him off.



See what affection all creatures have for their young, and what care they take of them. What will not a father and mother do, to preserve their children? and children ought to do the same for their parents; but there are naughty children who do not consider this, tho' God Almighty has promised long life

to those who do. "Honour thy Father  
 "and thy Mother, that thy Days may  
 "be long in the Land, which the Lord  
 "thy God giveth thee."

Tommy came back crying, (see here  
 he is)



and told his father that the geese hissed  
 and laughed at him. Ay, that is because  
 you cannot read, answered the father.  
 Come

Come hither, Tommy, says he, you must learn to know all the letters, and the sound they have, alone, and when joined to others, before you can spell or read. In the word you have attempted to spell, you have taken an f, instead of an s, and a u, instead of oo, for want of knowing the letters and their sounds. Here take this A and look at it well; you see he is very different from all the rest. Upon this Tommy took up the letter and then read A, A, A, says he, ay, Mr. A, I shall know you again, Apple for that.---B, B, B, you are not at all like A, Mr. B; I should be a Blockhead if I did not know you.---C, C, C, I shall know you, Mr. C. indeed, and so will every boy that loves Custard.---D, D, D, Drum and Dumpling will make me know you Mr. D.---E, E, E, Eggs and Eel pye for ever.---F, F, F, Fine Folks and Firmity for you, Mr. F.---G, G, G, Gingerbread and Gooseberry-fool, will always make me  
love

love you Mr. G.---H, H, H, Hogs-  
 pudding and Hot Cockles for ever.---  
 I, I, I, Jack Day, the Inkle Weaver,  
 will put me in mind of you, Mr. I.---  
 K, K, K, come Mr. K, you shall help  
 me make a Kite ---L, L, L, my little  
 Lamb and my little Lark will help me  
 to remember you, Mr. L.---M, M, M,  
 Money for you, Mr. M, when I can get  
 it, and when I fool it away you may  
 call me Monkey.---N, N, N, Nuts and  
 Nonpareils for ever.---O, O, O, Oranges;  
 one a penny, two a penny Oranges.---  
 P, P, P, Punch and Puppet shew, huzza.---  
 Q, Q, Q, you stand for a Quill, Mr.  
 Q, and I shall always think on you,  
 when I see a Queer Fellow.---R, R, R,  
 you are a Raven, Mr. R, and a Rat-  
 catcher, and a Rum Duke.---S, S, S,  
 Stands for Swan and for Swede, and for  
 a Silly Boy that can't read.---T, T, T,  
 oh, Mr. T, I shall know you by my  
 Top and my Trumpet, and Trap Bali.---  
 U, U, U, Unicorn for that,

The

The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for  
a Crown,

The Lion beat the Unicorn all about the  
Town.

W, W, W, a Wise Man can never forget  
you, Mr. W, when he has a Wild Duck  
for Dinner.---X, X, X, you look so  
cross, Mr. X, that I can compare you to  
nothing, but I shall know you again by  
your double face.---Y, Y, Y, you are like  
my Yellow Hammer, Mr. Y, young and  
silly, but you may have more wit when  
you grow in Years.

Z, Z, Z, Z is a Zany, and a Zany's a  
fool, who don't love his book, or his  
Master, or School.

The Father finding that little Tommy  
was inclined to be good, and to learn,  
made him a book of Gingerbread, which  
he was very fond of, and learned it as  
fast as he could.

In the evening, when Gaffer Gingerbread came home, he found that Tommy had eat up one corner of his Book, at which he was not well pleased. Hey-dey, Tom, says he, what do you love learning so well, as to eat up your book? Why, father, says Tommy, I am not the only boy who has eat his words. No boy loves his book better than I do, but I always lean it before I eat it. Say you so, quoth the Father, pray let me hear you say your lesson. Ay, father, says Tommy, you shall hear me sing it, so up he struck, b-a, ba, b e, be, b-i, bi, and sung the whole cuzzes chorus, which the sly rogue had got out of Mr. Davy's pretty play thing. His father, however, was wonderfully pleased to see the boy so apt and ingenious, and therefore gave him another book; on the learning of which, he told him, much of his happiness would depend, and this was the title,

HOW



## HOW TO BE HAPPY AND GO TO HEAVEN.

And this was the book, at least these are the lessons contained in it.

### FIRST LESSON.

Always rejoice at the happiness of others, that you may be happy yourself; for he that is pleased at another man's property, enjoys a part of his good fortune.

### SECOND LESSON.

Every Man is always as happy or as miserable as he thinks himself; therefore think yourself happy, my dear Tommy, that you may be so.

### THIRD

## THIRD LESSON.

Love the Lord with all your Heart, with all your Soul, and with all your Strength, for you cannot love God half so well as he loves you.

## FOURTH LESSON.

Love your Neighbour as well as you love yourself; that is, love him most heartily, Tommy, and be kind to him, and promote his Wellfare, that he may promote your's.

## FIFTH LESSON.

Love and pray for your Enemies, that your Enemies may become Friends, and love and pray for you.

## SIXTH

## SIXTH LESSON.

And, my dear Tommy, say your prayers night and morning, and go to Church constantly; and be honest and just in your dealings; and be charitable and good to all people in distress; and God Almighty will love you, and bless you, and you will be happy here, and go to Heaven hereafter.

His Father then gave him another book of Lessons, two of which are as follow:

The

## The LION LESSON.



When you play with a Lion take care  
of his Paws.

A Man who had bought a Lion for a show, and put him into a hutch, bid his son come to him; Dick, says he, I charge you not to go near this place, for if you do this beast will kill you; so be a good boy, Dick, and do as I bid you. Yes, Papa, said the boy: but he did not do as he was bid, for as soon as his father was gone, Dick went

went to the hutch to see the Lion, and to play with him, when the beast caught hold of him with his paw, and chopt his head off.

Now this little Boy might have been living and well if he had obeyed his father, and done as he was bid: What a sad thing it is to be obstinate and disobey our Parents.

### The HORSE LESSON.



When you play with a HORSE, take care of his Heels.

A Boy who was at school ran to catch a Horse that was in the field; upon which one of his Friends, who was older and wiser than he, told him not to go near the Horse, for he would kick; Dick was above taking his friend's advice; and the horse, when he came within reach of his heels, gave him such a kick that he was taken up for dead.

What a silly Boy was this, not to take his friend's advice: Had he observed what was said to him, and kept at a distance, he would not have been mangled in this manner.

Tommy was fond of his book, and his father gave him new ones every day, all of which he eat up: so that it may be truly said, HE LIVED UPON LEARNING.

At last, Sir Toby heard what a good boy he was, and calling one day on Gaffer Gingerbread, he took Tommy up in his fine Coach, and carried him

to London, since which we have heard nothing of him; but his father says, that he is sure Tommy will behave so well, as to get a coach of his own, and whenever he does, we shall certainly let our little readers know it. Farewell.

Tommy Gingerbread, he lov'd Cream,  
Custard, and Curds,  
And Good Books so well, that he eat  
up his Words.

FINIS.



